

# The Two kinde Louers:

O R,

The Maidens resolution and will  
To be like her truer Loue still.

To a Dainty new tune.



**T**wo lovely Louers,  
walking all alone:  
The Female to the Male,  
was making pittious mone:  
Saying, If thou wilt goe, I oue  
let me goe with thee,  
Because I cannot liue,  
without thy company.

Be thou my Master,  
He be thy trusty Page,  
To waite on thee  
in thy weary Pilgrimage.  
So shall I still  
enioy thy lovely presence,  
In which alone  
consists my earthly essence.

Be thou the Sunne,  
He be the beames so bright,  
Be thou the Moone,  
He be the lightest night:  
Be thou Auror,  
the vber of the day,  
I will be the pearly dew,  
vpon the flowers gay.

Be thou the Rose,  
thy smell I will assume,  
And recel a sweet  
odoriferous perfume:  
Be thou the Rain-bow,  
He be the colours many,  
Be thou the clou d,  
He be the weather rainy.

Be thou the Lyon,  
He be the Lionesse:  
Be thou the seruant,  
He be the Mistresse:  
Be thou the Porpentine,  
and ile be the quill,  
What wheresoeuer thou goest:  
I may be with thee still.

Be thou the Turtle  
and I will be thy Mate,  
And if thou dye,  
my life ile euer hate:  
Be thou the nimble Fairy,  
that trips vpon the ground,  
And I will be the circle,  
where thou maist dance a round

Be thou the swan,  
ile be the bubbling river:  
Be thou the gife,  
and I will be the giuer:  
Be thou the chaste Diana,  
and I will be as chaste:  
Be thou the Time,  
ile be the houres past.

Be thou the Ship,  
ile be the surging Seas,  
That shall transport my Loue,  
where he doth please:  
Be thou the Neptune,  
ile be triple Mace,  
Be thou the iocund Hunter,  
ile be the Deere in Chase.



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## The Second Part.

## To the same Tune.



Be thou the Shepheard,  
 He be the Shepherdesse,  
 To sport with thee  
 in ioy and happinesse:  
 I will be the Parigold,  
 if thou wilt be the Sunne:  
 Be thou the Fryer,  
 and I will be the Nun.

I will be the Pelican,  
 and thou shalt be the yong,  
 He spend my blood,  
 to succour thee from wrong:  
 Be thou the Gardner,  
 and I will be the flowers,  
 That thou maist make me grow  
 with fruitfull showres.

Be thou the Falconer,  
 the Falcon I will be,  
 To yeeld delight  
 and pleasure unto thee:  
 Be thou the Anchorite,  
 I will be the light,  
 To lead thee to thy fancy  
 every darke some night

Be thou the Captaine,  
 He be the Souldier stout,  
 And helpe in danger  
 till to beare thee out:  
 Be thou the louely Elme,  
 and I will be the Wine,  
 In sweet concordance,  
 to myppathize and twine,

Be thou the Pilot,  
 He be the Sea mans Card,  
 He be the Taylor,  
 and thou shalt be my yard:  
 Be thou the Weaver,  
 and He be the shuttle be,  
 Be thou the Iurrier,  
 and I will be the tree.

Be thou the Black-Smith,  
 I will be the Forge:  
 Be thou the Waterman,  
 I will be the barge:  
 Be thou the Broker,  
 and I will be the Parue:  
 Be thou the Parasite,  
 and I will learne to fawne.

These louely flowers  
 being thus combinde,  
 Most equally agreed  
 both in heart and mind.  
 Accursed may they be,  
 who seeke to part these twaine  
 Whom Loue and Nature  
 did to loue ordaine.

I wish all yong men,  
 that condeant are in Loue,  
 To find out a woman  
 that will solopall proue:  
 And to all honest Maidens,  
 in heart I wish the same,  
 That Cupids lawes  
 may be deuoyd of blame.

Finis